



小学館

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fc
別冊
フラワーコレクション

吉祥天女
4

吉田秋生

小学館
★★
FC-1304



VOL. 4
吉祥天女



吉田秋生

FLOWER COMICS



別冊
フラワーコミックス

吉祥天女 4
吉田秋生

• Flower Comics •



*Auspicious
Heavenly
Maiden*

④

吉田秋生

きしょうてんによ
吉祥天女

VOL. 4

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➔ Kanou Sayoko

A beautiful transfer student
wrapped in mystery. Daughter
of the wealthy Kanou family.

Character Introductions

Toono Ryou ←



Aware that Sayoko is to be feared. Can't say no to Akira.

Asai Yuiko ←



A quiet high school student. Fan of Sayoko.

Toono Akira ←



Son of a very influential man in town. Ryou's cousin.

• Summary •

The Kanous are a distinguished local family in possession of vast amounts of wealth. Looking to lay claim to this fortune by marrying Sayoko, Akira had his lackeys attack her. With Ryou's help, however, Sayoko managed to escape from danger on several occasions. However, with her future prospects looking more and more limited after the sudden death of her grandfather, Sayoko lets Akira have her body. That night, she kills her aunt, who had been plotting with her father to take over the family fortune. After finally having his way with Sayoko, Akira begins dating her and something about him begins to change. Meanwhile, Ryou, who is drawn to Sayoko despite sensing something sinister about her, comes to witness an unbelievable tragedy!"









THAT'S
NOT IT,
EITHER...



IS IT OUT OF
RESPECT FOR
RYOU-KUN AND
SAYAKA-KUN'S
FEELINGS THAT
YOU DON'T
REAGREE?



YES...
AND I WAS THE
ONE DRIVING...
I FEEL BAD FOR
THE TWO OF
THEM...



IT'S TOO
BAD, THOUGH.
YOU'RE STILL
YOUNG.



IT'S NICE
TO HEAR
THAT FROM
A PRETTY
GIRL LIKE
YOU, EVEN
IF IT IS
JUST FLAT-
TERY.

HA
HA
HA



THERE ARE
A LOT OF
ISSUES
INVOLVED.

IT MAY BE HARD FOR
A YOUNG WOMAN LIKE
YOURSELF TO UNDERSTAND,
BUT WHEN YOU GET TO
BE MY AGE, THAT SORT
OF THING JUST ISN'T
AS EASY.



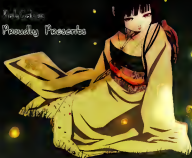
JUST
FLATTERY

MAYBE
IT'S NOT





EndyGardens
Proudly Presents



Kisshou Tennyo

Verdite Alight

Volume 4

Credits

Translator: Mayhem

Editor: NightSinner

QCovers: Alldyn, Squallhearted

& SporeTart



hotcakes.comf









WHO MADE HER
LIKE THAT...?

WHO...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!

SAYOKO?!

SHOCK!!



I'LL
CHECK HIS
ROOM!

STAY
CALM!

MASTER,
THAT'S...
THAT WAS...

SECCHAN,
YOU CHECK
OUT THE
LIVING
ROOM!

RIGHT!!



SHE'S NOT
HERE...!
IF SHE'S
NOT HERE,
THEN...



**MASTER!
MASTER RYOU!!
HURRY! PLEASE
HURRY!!**

















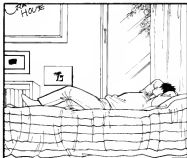












...YOU HAVE
TO EAT TO
KEEP YOUR
STRENGTH
UP. ...

I BROUGHT
YOU BREAKFAST.
YOU'VE HARDLY
EATEN A THING THE
PAST FEW DAYS...



24
knock 24
knock





YES...



IS THAT
ALL RIGHT
WITH YOU?

...AFTER WHAT'S
HAPPENED WITH THE
BOSS AND AKIRA-KUN,
WE'D LIKE YOU TO
EVENTUALLY TAKE
OVER THE COMPANY.



HOWEVER, AS
YOU'RE STILL A
MINOR, SOME-
ONE ELSE WILL
HAVE TO RUN
THE BUSINESS
IN YOUR STEAD
FOR A WHILE.



...THERE
REALLY ARE
PEOPLE WHO'LL
COME OUT
LIKE A PACK OF
HYENAS IN A
TIME LIKE THIS...

FROM NOW
ON, EXECUTIVE
DIRECTOR
KUNIKIDA-KUN
AND I WILL BE
ACTING AS YOUR
GUARDIANS...

I GUESS THAT'S ALL
THE AMBITIONS OF
MEN AMOUNT TO



IT'S FUNNY... MY UNCLE'S
AMBITION AND DREAMS BUILT
THIS FORTUNE IN THE BLINK
OF AN EYE...

AND IN THE BLINK OF AN
EYE IT'S ALL LOST...







AND
THEY STUCK
THEIR OWN
NECKS IN.

YOU JUST
HUNG THE
NOOSES

AND YOU
DIDN'T EVEN
HAVE TO
DIRTY YOUR
HANDS.



I RE-
MEMBER
YOU SAID

MEN AND
WOMEN HAVE
DIFFERENT
WAYS OF
ATTACKING.



REALLY?

I MEANT IT
AS A COM-
PLIMENT.



THAT'S
NOT A
VERY NICE
WAY OF
PUTTING
IT.



.....



YOU
WERE
RIGHT!

THERE'S
REALLY
NOTHING
I CAN
SAY













CAN YOU
HEAR ME?
HELLO?

AKIRA!
WHERE
ARE YOU?



RYOU...



HIDE
OUT IN THE
GYM CLOSET
TONIGHT!

...
I'VE GOT
AN IDEA.
GO TO THE
SCHOOL...



IF YOU
COME
HOME
NOW, YOU
WON'T
STAND A
CHANCE!

LISTEN, THERE'S
COPS CRAWLING
ALL OVER THE
PLACE HERE.



GOT IT!
ANYWAY,
DON'T DO
ANYTHING
RASH!

I'LL BE THERE
TOMORROW...
I'LL BRING
FOOD AND
SOME MONEY.































B-BE
CAREFUL...
RYOMA...



G-GHE'S...
THE ONE
WHO
KILLED
GOSAMA...















THERE'S
SOMETHING...
RAW ABOUT
HER

IT'S NOT
JUST HER
PHYSICAL
BEAUTY...



SHE MAY
WEAR THE SAME
UNIFORM AND
HAVE THE SAME
HAIRSTYLE...
BUT SHE'S
DIFFERENT.

SHE'S NOTHING
LIKE YUKO AND
MERI-CHAN.



DOES NO
ONE ELSE
NOTICE IT?



THAT'S
WHY I WAS
DRAWN
TO HER



OR MAYBE
THIS BOY'S
THE ONLY
ONE WHO
DOES...?



手術室



I DON'T
HAVE ANY
FAMILY.



UM...
SHOULDN'T
YOU LET
YOUR
FAMILY
KNOW?



WELL...
UM... SORRY
TO HEAR
THAT...

OH...
UH, I
SEE...



MY AUNT DIED
LAST MONTH AND MY
LITTLE SISTER IS ILL
AND BED-RIDDEN.







YUKIO'S
A TERRIBLE
JUDGE OF
CHARACTER.

BUT HE'S
ABLE TO KEEP
HIS WITS
ABOUT HIM
EVEN IN A
SITUATION
LIKE THIS.



SHE
CALLED
HIM AN
AIR-
HEADED
PLAY-
BOY.



UNFORTUNATELY
FOLLOWS HER
EVERYWHERE...

SAKANO...



BUT STILL...



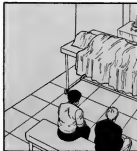
IS HE ALL
RIGHT?

HOW'S
AKIRA
...?



グレート
グレート





POOR KID...



I'M
FINE.



...YOU ALL
RIGHT?
YOU'RE NOT
HUNGRY?



knock
knock

BUT NO
AMOUNT
OF MONEY
CAN FIX
THIS.



LIFE'S PRETTY CRAZY...
WHATEVER CRIMES WE MAY
HAVE COMMITTED, THE MAN TO
THE COMPANY IS NOW DEAD.

TOO NO CONSTRUCTION
WAS PRETTY BIG IN
THESE PARTS.















MARI-CHAN
WAS CRYING
ABOUT "DOOR
RYOU", BUT...
HUH?



WHAT?!
HE DID?!



IT WAS
AWFUL...
THE POLICE
CAME
AFTER YOU
LEFT...

HELLO,
ASHI RES-
IDENCE.

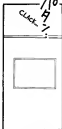
OH,
BROTHER!
YEAH, I
JUST GOT
HOME.

YEAH,
WE DIDN'T
HAVE GLASS
AT ALL.











I WAS
FELT UP BY
A PERVERT
WHEN I WAS IN
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL...



SO WHAT?!
IF YOU DON'T
MEAN ANY
HARM BY
SOMETHING,
DOES THAT
MEAN YOU
CAN JUST
DO WHAT-
EVER YOU
PLEASE?!

IT MAY
BE A STUPID
THING TO DO...
BUT I DOUBT
THEY MEANT
ANY HARM
BY IT.



HOW STUPID
ARE THEY NOT
TO REALIZE
WHAT EFFECT
THAT CAN HAVE
ON A GIRL?!

...IN FACT,
THAT SORT OF
AWFUL THING
HAPPENED
MORE THAN
ONCE.

WHAT A
COMPLETE
LACK OF
FEELINGS!

CONSTRUCTION
WORKERS SAID
LEWD THINGS
TO ME AS I
WALKED BY...



TALKING TO
TOONG-KUN
ABOUT THIS,
ANYWAY?

WHAT THE
HECK AM I
DOING



I
GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT





Ryou



AKIRA...?

Ryou
Can you
hear me,
Ryou?



WHERE ARE
YOU?!

AKIRA!!



And Aunt
Ukiro

And my
dad

She killed
Oosawa



!

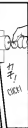
She can't be
allowed to live

That is not
something that
belongs in this
world

























**WHY?!
DAMN
IT!!**

WHY?



Ryou!!



RYOU...



**AKIRA-
KUN!
GET AWAY
FROM
RYOU!!**





GO AWAY!

HE'S
NOT YOUR
PUPPET!



RYOU!!
NO!!



STAY
BACK!!



ooooooooom

おどろき
ー



















I NEVER
THOUGHT I'D
BE RIDING IN
AN AMBULANCE
TWO DAYS IN
A ROW.



WHY'D HE
HAVE A
GUN?



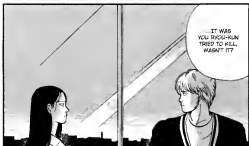
A GUN EXPLODED...



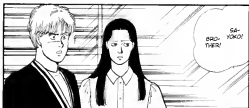
HE WAS TRYING TO
SHOOT SOMETHING...

SOME
"THING"...



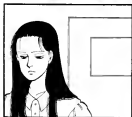
















"Not so bad."



"How do you
feel?"



"Sayoko..."

"What?"



"I know."



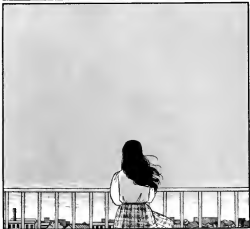
"I loved you."



































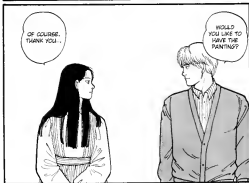
NO NO,
MIZUS-
CHAN,
DON'T
GO IN
THERE

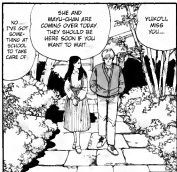






















The Children's Table

IF YOU'RE
A BOY, HOW
COME YOU'RE
SO FAIR?

IF YOU'RE
A GIRL, HOW
COME YOU'RE
SO TAN?

His (swimsuit)

Wore shorts and
tanktop

A ribbon
my mom
gave me
put in
his hair

A hand-
saw she
my mom
made me

My cousin
(made)

Rubber flip-flops



子供の童卓

In the summer, we'd wake up to the sound of cicadas and head home in the evening when the dragonflies returned to the mountains.

Now Kamakura had been made famous by surfers and such, but at the time it was really the middle of nowhere (like a secluded spot everyone had forgotten).

I was born in Tokyo, but when I was 1 year old, we moved to Kawakura in Kanagawa Prefecture and I lived there for the 6 years until I started elementary school.



For some reason (I only find out the reason later), we had to go to the mountains every day, so I never played there.

My neighborhood friends would show up right after breakfast.

Let's play!



But country kids are strong.

to go



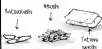
plop

Sometimes, things like this would happen...



THEY WERE ALWAYS STUFF LIKE THIS.

The problem with the snacks was...



Us kids always carried our lunches and snacks and bug bite lotion and nets for catching bugs.

(If we got thirsty, we drank clear river water. We were handy.)

Snack



Tatachi (sushi) - sheets of dried pressed fishy varieties
Kishu - whole dried tundra
Kishu (sushi) - dried fish flakes

T/N. Maki is a big bite before lunch, more.

And what they fed us
was Proib or something
with beads.

and of course tabawi
hwashi and niboshi.

Watermelon was
the most common.



Sometimes
I'd go over to
My Friends'
houses...



We would munch
these as we played.

It was the same
for all the kids in
the neighborhood.



Here
+055

Sometimes
they'd give
us deep fried
fish bones.



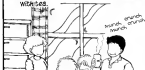
Children really do just
unquestioningly eat
what you give them.
We even chewed
and sucked on the
katsubushi like gum.



Since the whole
neighborhood was
like this, we never
questioned it.

I never saw my
parents eating
any, and they
always put out
niboshi and
tabawi hwashi
with tea.

But for
some reason
my Family
just wasn't
in the habit
of eating it.



Of course it's not like we
didn't know candy existed.

(We did have TV back
then.)



子供の食卓

Children really do love anything sweet. We all looked forward to that plum wine.

Sometimes they'd water some down with ice and let us kids drink it. It was really cold and delicious.

The only thing sweet other than sugar that I'd had was the plum wine my mom made every year.

The kids having a drink



T/Y: The word for "yuen" and the word for "plum" are the same.

It wasn't watered down at all, so it was very strong (and the two of us drank a whole bottle between us), so we got totally drunk.

One day we and my cousin sneaked some of the plum wine while my mom was out.



If it was just our family, that would be one thing, but it was the whole neighborhood.

After all, I never saw my parents eat anything sweet.

but they were never put out on the table.

Sometimes we'd have guests from Tokyo who brought what looked like sweets.

This was our region's version of tsumami



SHAAAD!
MOOOOM!

The town meeting was something the adults held once or twice a month.

I SURE AM HUNGRY...

Then one day we and my cousin went to meet my parents at a town meeting.



I only caught a glimpse...



YES, INDEED.

ALL RIGHT... I GUESS WE SHOULD WRAP THINGS UP.





ALL RIGHT,
NOW LINE UP
FOR YOUR
SNACKS.

It was on
our very first
field trip.

The first time I
enjoyed sweets
was after I started
elementary school.

shiny new first grader

(Sorry for
copying a
certain
concept!)

I decided
to try a
caramel...

Even though I knew such
things existed, I'd never
eaten them before, so I
was a little worried that
it was really edible.

The bags held
rice crackers,
cookies, candy,
caramels, etc.

EVERY-
ONE ELSE
IS EATING
IT...

D-DELICIOUS!

There was a
little bit of
culture shock
going on...

子供の食卓

This pattern continued for 3 years (and I still don't understand why it was those foods).

Instead, for some reason there was shortcake, rice balls, and fried shrimp.

And after that, my afternoon snacks weren't just tabami iwashi and niboshi anymore!



Hokey!



And finally the fried shrimp...

Eating all of this every day should have made me fat,

Next came the rice ball.

I had an order I always followed. First, of course, was the shortcake.



Ugh, Yotsuba's such a tomboy!

THUD

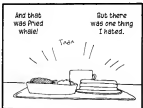
Too fast!

but I was never overweight. Kids just get a lot of exercise, I guess...



I was really good at soccer!

Yotsuba you can do it!
(that was my nickname in elementary school)



I don't know how it is now, but back then you had to eat everything on your plate.



Eating it made me wonder if this is what it would feel like to chew on a rubber tire.

It felt like my mouth was going numb, but I still wasn't getting anywhere.

The thing is, it was really tough! (And gross.)



It was really awful. It's not like I was super picky or anything, so why should it matter if I couldn't eat this fried whole?

So it became a long, tragic battle (until class started) to eat this inedible thing.



It's obvious, isn't it? I spit it out in the bathroom.

And what did I do next?

Blehhh

Blehhh!
Blehhh!

ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN GO PLAY.

When the bell rings

I'M FINISHED.

ON YOSHIDA
GAVE YOUR
SCRAMBLED
EGG

Exchanging
dishes is
fun, too.

8-m from
the baseball
team (see
next slide)

Every day
is like a
movie.

Packed lunches are pretty fun.

And when we get to middle school, the story turns to packed lunches.

10. *How do you feel about the future of the company?*

And dipping its short
bill (you'd better
not touch)

Want group
dates
(1 and 2nd June?)

This is a story about Middle schoolers from a while back (so don't laugh).

Love could
bloom from a
single screw-
bled egg.

1/20/20

Group dated

And, I can
 make your
 heart feel

10

group: "You look stupid if you do this sort of thing these days, but..."

Happy Weekend Crossing

group
date

Enoshima (Enoshima) is where we'd always go to. There were lots of people like some teen drama on TV.

The pattern at the Blue was for the girls to make lunches for the boys.

¹ Boys always brought
their cameras

¹⁰My favorite passage of scripture, though.

On 7/9/80 undistributed

子供の食卓

(We'd give several pieces to the boys we liked best, so it got really expensive!)

For Valentine's Day, all the girls in the class would give chocolates to all the boys.

Aren't middle schoolers cute?

The boys and girls in my middle school were all good friends.

(It was probably sort of a nuisance.)

We'd also give the boys in our class whatever we made during Home Ec.

IT TASTES FINE! JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND EAT IT.

IS THIS FOREVER?



I gave some to K-kun, Tanwan (a boy named Nagasaki-kun who was nicknamed Tanwan after a type of instant ramen called Nagasaki Tanwan) and

K-kun. (I hope no one from my middle school is reading this. That's probably pretty unlikely...)

Yeah, that's all my allowance right there.

One, two, three!

On graduation day,

there was the romantic tradition of asking for the first coat button of the boy you were closest to (or the boy you liked).

(It's probably still around even now.)

This is absolutely not me. I may be annoying but even I would never screw myself so beautifully!

Looking back, we were just so young!

so the boys and girls
no longer frolicked
together like puppies.
(Obviously.)

At this age
came the
awakening
of sexual
feelings.

Boys hang out with boys,
and girls with girls



Now once we got to high
school, of course things
changed. Though we still
had packed lunches.
(In my third year of middle
school, we'd switched to
school lunches.)

The same basic
bowl of my high
school years



Slim-on (fused) shoes.
Y-neck pullovers
with the sleeves
puffed up

(It was all very
60s retro.)

I was really in
love with the
way he dressed.

(If not his face.)



Ivy League
was the
most popular
style, along
with new tradi-
tional and
continental.

My dress-
maker, H

↳ Bottom-line: Girls
and off with pants



I went to a
public high
school and at
the time, it
didn't require
uniforms.

She studied about the girls

After
school,
you could
always
hear those
songs
coming
from the
school
radio.

The rocker boys
always liked to
cover songs on
the radio and
Highway Star.

♪

In those
days, music
was finally
divided be-
tween folk
and rock.



Those in the know will know that phrase.

(I liked the
square look,
so I didn't
much like
long hair.)

Most of the
boys had long
hair as I to
spite their
parents.



There were bellbottom jeans, too (I wish)

★ The a fabric + expression, but the a + short cut to the person who wears a hat of
the on the line of a was really about girls do many years ago at a friend had talked
about it for years. (Oh, that's right, I'm talking to you all right, after that)

子供の童車

Sometimes we really overdid it and had to go straight to school from the disco, but we had fun.

Though we never actually shouted into the setting sun or anything like that.

We'd skip class and go to a cafe or smoke and drink up on the roof (it's that age where you want to try everything).



And now for the grand finale, I'll tell you the story of "The Great Chestnut War" (it's so embarrassing).

Yes, it was just like in a shojo manga. How Pon!

By this time, dating was a one on one experience.



Suppose to be chestnuts

It was good at variations

Once I fell for him, I didn't even mind his narrow eyes



I went out with him because of his English sense

OH!

Then a sweet smell wafted by...



That is the perfect picture of (Yag) I have high school! (I don't know what it was like elsewhere)

That day, my boyfriend and I had skipped class to go see a movie in Shriuge.

Thick shirt

Letter envelope

Unzipped sports bag

Sports bag

Cotton pants

Shoes or loafers



I loved chestnuts.

OH, TENTEI AMAGUMI LET'S GO BUY SOME.



Letter envelope

Sports bag

Unzipped plaid shirt held together with a big safety pin

Shoes (a must-have for the Ivy look)



Needless to say, we were both embarrassed...
(In case you didn't know, you read it tenshu Amaguri.)

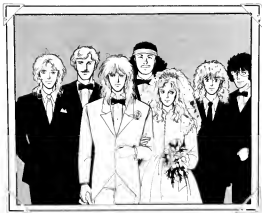
That's all

Carnival no Yoru
(Carnival Night)



The city is always a carnival.
The noise and lights of long
carnival night with no end in
sight...

On carnival days we were
both serious and mischievous.
They call it "la vie en rose."







The party began at nine.
The first to arrive were Leroy and Lucinda.
They were both dressed like actors in a
kung-fu movie.
"Well, well, if it isn't an Arab prince.
Did you come here to sell oil?"
Leroy said, fiddling with his beard.
The grey-eyed Arab smirked and said,
"Allahu Akbar." (God is great.)

Both an Arab and a Jew were in attendance at this party.
"How do you do, my Jewish friend?" the Arab said.
"How do you do, my dear Arab," the Jew replied.
"Do you come from Nazareth?"
"No, I am Judas. The traitor Judas."
That night, Judas got drunk on champagne.
"What's the matter? Remembering your lover, Jesus?"
Eve's lips curved into a smile.
She looked as if she were crying.





When we were in our apartment,
we chattered non-stop.
In that tiny room, the thing we were
most afraid of was silence.

We were always together.
The two of us had been together
longer than we'd been apart.

It wasn't surprising if people thought
we were lovers,
and I didn't really care.
Thinking about it was too much work.
I wonder why...
I wonder what Eve thought.
There were times I got hard looking at her.
It wouldn't have been odd to sleep together.
But we both knew.
We had never slept together,
and we never ever would...





When the conversation trailed off,
each of us would try to be the first to fall asleep.

Whoever was left awake
would have to spend the next few hours
all alone listening to the other sleep.



Swena says,

"I always wonder why the girls in porno movies are always so easily aroused.

If that's what guys want, that's just ridiculous."

This is just an example.

She always like to have this sort of discussion after sex.

She'll say A and then wait for me to say B, and when I do, she'll take position C, which is the exact opposite.

This sort of baiting will go on forever.

"You were only looking to get yourself off. It wasn't fun for me at all."

If I'm ever the slightest bit selfish in bed, she'll always scold me like that.

Sleeping with women is a pain in the ass.

There are all these steps you have to go through first.

You have to keep saying "I love you" over and over again.

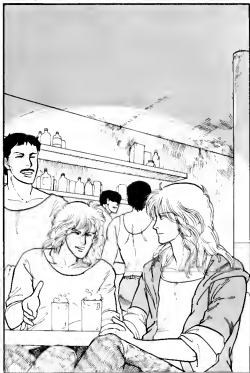
If you want a girl to take off her panties, you've got to say the magic words like Ali Baba: "I love you, I love you, I love you..."

Do women really get that even as men are whispering these words of love, all they're thinking is stuff like

"Why are women so cold?"

I wonder if everyone else is the same."

Gay men are all kind.
They have such respect for their partners.
They speak slowly and gently,
as if they're so very timid and fragile...
And they never try to look you in the eye.
Their very kindness makes them outsiders.
Just watching them irritates me.
I can kind of understand
why straights want to bully gays.
Though not to the extent of that hysterical
Anita Bryant bitch...





Why does this city
always seem too cold?
It's because of its
monotone composition.

Stepping out into the city,
it's easy to see.
No matter how you paint the walls,
the buildings and cars and people
are a Woody Allen
monotone.

And when twilight comes,
the monotone grows darker,
becoming like a photo negative.

That was when we'd
drag our lethargic bodies out
to breathe in the cold, damp air
and drift through the city of night.







HITORIBOCCHI NO AITSU

—He's a Deal NOWHERE-MAN—

And I'm the one
who painted it...
So how about a
personal story on
this long autumn
night?



In a museum
outside of N- City
hangs a world-
famous painting.



At the time, I was
all alone.

But even out
among all
those people,
I was unable
to connect.



Unable to bear
the loneliness
after my father
died and left me
all alone, I took
to the streets.



I have no friends,
no job, and no
money. What am
I supposed to
do now?



Sigh.
Why am I
so lonely?



Heh?

Sigh. I'm
hungry.



No, that's
not it.
I'm an out-
cast.

Sorry.
I'll clean
it up.



Heh?

Hey, hold
on a sec.
Did you draw
that?



I've never
seen such
detail.

Heh.







Right next to
the painting I
did myself...

They Somehow managed
to save my life and here
I am now.

They can be identified by their red blood and the fact that they still have five toes on each foot.

It says this is the oldest type of all the descendants of human beings.

is living
Good

The book
could have
been

Even though I can no longer move, I'm still very popular and treated well.

I'm sure she must have her reasons.

My girlfriend
has never
once come
to see me.

Can you really call this living though?

But...

I really can't
hold myself....

1. **Introduction**
 2. **Background**
 3. **Methodology**
 4. **Results**
 5. **Conclusion**
 6. **References**



吉祥天女④

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